### Fine China and Plastic Cups

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**Summary**

Hannibal spends the night at Will's house.

**Notes**

Every time Hannibal goes to Will's house in the series, I love how out of place he looks. That was my inspiration for this. That and my love of Will Graham's dogs.

One by one the dogs began to emit small warning growls that gave way to barks as they rose from their beds on the floor of Will Graham’s living room. Winston was the first to the door, the others following close behind, their tails hitting Will’s legs as he closed the door to the oven and joined them at the entrance of his home. He opened the door - the dogs spilling out into the front yard - as Hannibal climbed out of the front seat of the Bentley.

Hannibal regarded the dogs with a careful eye as they came to greet him while he opened the backseat of the car and retrieved a small case and a zippered garment bag.

“What’s all that?” Will asked loud enough to be heard over the excited barks.

Hannibal closed the door to the car and made his way towards the porch, Buster following closely at
his side. He lowered a hand down to let him smell his palm and gave him a soft pat on the head.

“It was my understanding that you wanted me to stay the night,” he said as he met Will on his porch.

Will looked again at the garment bag that Hannibal was holding high in his left hand.

“I do,” he said. “But do you always bring a suit to a sleepover?”

Hannibal adjusted the bag in his hand.

“I have patients in the morning, Will,” he explained. “I must leave here and go straight to my office.”

“Oh, I thought your calendar was clear on Thursdays.”

“Normally, you would be correct. But there were some last minutes changes which could not be avoided.”

Will whistled and called for the dogs to come back inside, which they did almost immediately.

“You could have told me,” he said as he moved aside to let Hannibal into his house. “We could have rescheduled.”

“Nonsense,” Hannibal replied as he wiped his shoes on the welcome mat and headed in behind the pack of dogs.

Will followed and closed the door behind them as Hannibal stepped into his living room, well, into his everything room. Though Will’s house had a second story he only used it for the bathroom, having long since moved his bed down to the main room as it was the only room big enough for all of his dogs to have their own beds and be near him. It had never seemed odd to him until this moment when Hannibal stood searching for a place to hang his suit.

“There’s a closet upstairs,” Will said. “In the actual bedroom. The bathroom is up there too. You can put your stuff there if you’d like.”

“Yes, I know.”

Of course he did. It wasn’t like Hannibal had never been in his home before.


“Yeah, yeah,” Will answered. “Trout from this morning and some potato salad. Should be ready in another 15 minutes or so.”

Hannibal nodded and made his way up the stairs, the dogs watching him leave but making no move to follow. After he left, Will cracked open the oven door to check on the fish and was relieved to find that it hadn’t turned to ash in the short time he’d left it unattended.

He found himself nervous.

He’d been over to Hannibal’s home for dinner more times that he could remember, enjoyed delicious meal after delicious meal which usually then lead to the two of them falling into Hannibal’s ridiculously plush bed together. It had been about two months of this before Will had asked Hannibal over to his home for the same treatment which the older man had accepted without hesitation.

Will had felt excited as he planned out a dinner for them but now found himself fretting that it wouldn’t be up to Hannibal’s standards. That maybe after tonight he would never want to come
“May I assist with anything?”

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Will yelled, causing the dogs to jump. “You’re like a fucking cat.”

Hannibal was standing directly behind him. He’d taken off his jacket and was wearing a black vest and tie and deep maroon long sleeved button up shirt. Will scanned down below his tailored black slacks and was surprised to find him barefoot.

“Did you take off your shoes just so you could do that?”

Hannibal smiled and leaned in, resting a hand on the side of his neck.

“That would have been terribly rude of me,” he said softly as he kissed Will’s mouth.

Will leaned into him and pulled their lips apart and back together a few more times before he turned his attention back to the oven.

“I wanted to make myself at home.”

“Well, good,” Will said.

Hannibal watched as Will took plates down from the cabinets above his sink, followed by two wine glasses.

“Is there anything you’d like for me to do?”

Will grinned but kept himself from making a suggestive comment.

“You can set the table if you’d like,” he said. “Not much to it but it would help.”

Hannibal swiftly moved behind him and reached around to grab at the wine glasses Will had left out, pushing his body up against Will’s back firmly as he grabbed glass stems and moved away to set the table.

Will moved to take the chilled potato salad out of the refrigerator just as the timer on the oven began to sound.

“Where are your napkins?”

Will placed the glass pan of trout on the top of the stove.

“You’re not going to like the answer to that.”

Hannibal looked up as Will motioned to the roll of paper towels over his shoulder. If Hannibal were the type of man who would roll his eyes, he would have.

“William.”

Will found himself laughing though he could feel anxiety fluttering in his stomach. Thankfully, Hannibal didn’t press the issue and instead moved to rip two sheets from the roll, folding them down at the top edge before placing a fork on each one.

Will looked up at him from where he stood in the kitchen, thinking to himself how odd Hannibal looked in his home - how out of place. This statue of man standing at his tiny table that he used more
for fixing boat motors and making lures than eating meals. He stood there, in his perfectly tailored suit that probably cost more than all of Will’s furniture combined, surrounded by fishing poles and wallpaper on a floor peppered with dog beds.

Will looked at Hannibal’s bare feet again and wondered if he would be annoyed at dog hair between his toes.

“It’s ready.”

Hannibal returned to the kitchen as Will was moving a spatula around the fish. He placed a filet on each plate with a helping of the potato salad and handed one to Hannibal as he came toward him.

“Thank you,” he said, grazing one of Will’s fingers with his own before he moved back to the table.

Will soon followed and placed his plate at the other end before he grabbed a bottle of dry white wine and filled Hannibal’s glass. Hannibal turned his head toward him and felt the brush of Will’s shoulder against his cheek.

Moving away, Will filled his own glass and then took a seat. He watched as Hannibal cut into the fish and pulled a small bite to his mouth, chewing thoughtfully before he swallowed.

“Paprika, chili . . . and cumin?” he said.

Will smiled and took a sip of his wine, secretly thrilled that Hannibal couldn’t immediately dissect every ingredient he’d used though he was ridiculously close.

“Allow me some mystery, please,” Will said.

Hannibal smiled and took another bite, his eyes moving to the dogs who all sat upright in the living room staring at them intently but remaining still.

“Your dogs are quite well mannered,” he said.

Will turned to flash them a proud grin.

“Yeah, they’re good dogs.”

The pack was full of twitching ears at the attention, accompanied by a rhythmic thumping of tails on the wood of the floor. The men continued their dinner in a quiet, comfortable flow of conversation, Hannibal pointing out different aspects of the meal that he was enjoying as they continued. By the time Will had finished his plate however, his mind was miles away from food.

“May I do the dishes?” Hannibal offered as he finished his glass of wine.

“Later.”

Hannibal remained seated as Will stood and made his way to him, the tags on the dogs collars clicking together as they watched his movements. Without saying anything else, Will wrapped his fingers around the fabric near the knot of Hannibal’s tie and pulled gently, bringing him to his feet. As soon as Hannibal’s legs had fully straightened and he was standing upright Will pushed himself against him and claimed his mouth. Hannibal’s arms went around his waist, fingers pushing into the flesh there as he moved his mouth against his.

Will’s fingers started to move into the knot, pulling it open and letting the tie hang loose on either side of Hannibal’s neck. Hannibal’s tongue slipped into his mouth as his hands moved to take the tie
off his neck, reaching behind him to let it hang over the chair he was sitting in. Will pulled them back only a few feet to his bed, stopping as he felt the mattress against the back of his calves, fingers moving to the buttons of Hannibal’s vest.

With three quick snaps of his fingers it was undone, the vest falling loose against his ribcage. As Will pushed it off his shoulders and felt the hard muscle underneath his mind flashed images of a stag shedding the worn velvet of his antlers.

Hannibal shrugged his vest off, stopping Will’s hands as he moved to catch it before it hit the floor.

“Nevermind that,” he said, his mouth moving harder and more frantically against his.

With the vest in a puddle at his feet, Hannibal’s hands slid under the plain t-shirt that Will wore and pressed his palms flat against his chest, pushing Will down onto the mattress and coming to straddle him. Pulling his torso up, Will rose to kiss his mouth again before he took his shirt off and flung it to the floor, having only a moment to fix his eyes back to Hannibal before the older man’s hands were at his throat and shoving him back down.

Reflexively, Will gasped as his hands shot up to the fingers around his neck.

The pressure was immediately released, shaken loose by the sudden cacophony of barking dogs. Concerned at first, Will laughed and wiggled his way free of Hannibal’s weight as Hannibal moved off of him, looking to the dogs with confusion.

“They think you’re hurting me.”

Will came to his feet and moved away from the bed, the dogs immediately coming toward him with wagging tails. He consoled them with gentle reassurances and loving pats on the head, watching as they all settled back into their individual beds before returning to Hannibal. The older man was laying with his back against the wall, legs long on the mattress as Will came to sit on his lap, one knee pressed on either side of him.

“Maybe take it easy on me?” he whispered as he pressed kisses to Hannibal’s jawline.

Leaning into his touch, Hannibal ran his hands up Will’s arms to his shoulders, squeezing before moving down his back and grabbing at his hips.

“Would your protective canine companions take offensive to you preforming violence on another?”

Hannibal felt the exhale of breath on his neck as Will shuddered and sucked at the flesh of his throat. Their bodies were hard and straining and the fabric covering their legs was suffocating.

Swinging his leg around, Will came to stand and quickly took off his jeans and boxers in one fluid movement. Moving to the end of the bed, he grabbed at the bottom of Hannibal’s trousers and pulled, watching him lift his lips to better allow him to pull them fully off. As Hannibal moved to take his briefs off, he found himself thrown back into the mattress by Will’s weight just as the garment hit the floor.

Leaning down, Will went to kiss his lips, pulling up and away as Hannibal rose to meet him. His hand found its way into his hair, pulling his head back onto the pillow while the other slammed onto his chest with a loud *smack*.

“They don’t seem to mind,” Will said, hovering over his mouth and driving his hips down into the man under him.
There was a gentle and hidden smile playing on Hannibal’s lips; his eyes closed, he pushed his shoulders back into the mattress.

“Well then,” he said. “crack open my ribs and feast on my heart.”

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It was 3:12 in the morning when Will woke, Hannibal pressed into his side, his lips resting against his shoulder. It was colder than normal and as his eyes peered over Hannibal’s shoulder to the fireplace he found no familiar orange glow; he’d never turned the space heater on. As he adjusted to the darkness, Will also noticed two empty dog beds. Craning his neck, he quickly took stock of the bed and soon found Winston between their feet.

The dogs generally didn’t sleep with him, seemingly to prefer their own company but during some particularly long winters they’d climb into the bed with him at night. Will came to sit up and found a familiar white ball pressed into Hannibal’s back; Zoë was curled tight but positioned just so Will could make out the crooked teeth of her underbite.

He looked back to down Winston, to Zoë, and then to Hannibal. This impeccable man who wore three piece suits as if they were the most casual thing in the world. Who parked a Bentley at his huge and grand house with a pantry full of fantastically expensive wine. Who labored in his kitchen for hours each night to prepare opulent multi-course meals, even if he was the only one enjoying them.

Who was laying beside him now, flesh bruised and body sore, on his plain bed situated in the living room of his home, with one dog pressed into his back and another laying at his feet. He looked misplaced, like a piece of fine china that had ended up packaged with plastic cups.

Will lowered himself back down to his back and smiled as Hannibal unconsciously moved closer, his cheek coming to rest on his chest. Gently, Will pushed his toes into Winston’s curved flank as his fingers played in Hannibal’s hair. In his mind, he envisioned the coming dawn - of Hannibal unzipping his clean suit and dressing into it piece by piece until he was concealed from the world.

He thought of Hannibal’s bare feet on his floor, of the intimacy of it; a side of him that not many were privy to. A rush of warmth ran through Will as he thought of being allowed inside his body, of rocking into him until he lost his steadfast composure and allowed his body to tremble.

Will’s hand fell from Hannibal’s head and traced aimless patterns onto the skin of his back, his fingers pushing in just a little as a sliver of protectiveness shot through him.

Into his chest, Hannibal mumbled something in a language Will couldn’t place.

“Hmm?” he asked. “What did you say?”

“Is that a guardian I feel at my back?” he asked. “Come to assure himself that all is well?”

Will shifted close to him and kissed his forehead.

“It is,” he said. “Do you want me to move her?”

“No,” Hannibal answered. “It’s quite alright.”

The tone in his voice suggested he may have been enjoying the warm pressure of Zoë against him.

There was a tickle of breath on his chest as Hannibal fell back into an easy sleep. With a satisfied sigh Will closed his eyes, concentrating on the feeling of the weight on his chest as he tumbled with
him through the veil.

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